

SOBER ADVICE
FROM
HORACE,
TO THE
Young GENTLEMEN about Town.

As deliver'd in his
SECOND SERMON.

Imitated in the Manner of Mr. POPE.

*Together with the ORIGINAL TEXT, as restored by the
Rev^d. R. BENTLEY, Doctor of Divinity. And some
Remarks on the VERSION.*



L O N D O N :

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[Price One Shilling.]

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Preached in the Church of St. Paul

By the Rev. Mr. Horace, on the 1st of January 1734.

LONDON:

Printed for T. Bower, at the Coffee House, in Pall Mall.

[Price One Shilling.]



S E R M O N

T O

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

S I R,



Have so great a Trust in your Indulgence toward me, as to believe you cannot but Patronize this Imitation, so much in your own Manner, and whose Birth I may truly say is owing to you. In that Confidence, I would not suppress the Criticisms made upon it by the *Reverend Doctor*; the rather, since he has promised to *mend the Faults* in the next Edition, with the same Goodness he has practised to *Milton*. I hope you will believe that while I express my Regard for you, it is only out of Modesty I conceal my Name; since, tho' perhaps, I may not profess myself your Admirer so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward Respect, Good-will, and Zeal as any Man,

Dear Sir,

Your most Affectionate

A N D

Faithful Servant.

Q. HORATII FLACCI

SERMO II. L. I.

TEXTUM Recensuit

V. R. RICARDUS BENTLEIUS, S. T. P.



*Mbubajarum collegia, pharmacopolae,
Mendici, mimae, balatrone; hoc genus
omne*

Maestum ac sollicitum est cantoris morte Tigelli:

Quippe Benignus erat —

— *Contra hic, ne prodigus esse*

Dicatur, metuens, inopi dare nolit amico,

Frigus quo duramque famem depellere possit.

[NOTÆ BENTLEIANÆ.] *Imitated.* Why *Imitated*? Why not translated? *Odi Imitatores!* A Metaphrast had not turned *Tigellius*, and *Fufidius*, *Malchinus* and *Gargonius* (for I say *Malchinus*, not *Maltbinus*, and *Gargonius*, not *Gorgonius*) into so many LADIES. *Benignus, hic, hunc, &c.* all of the Masculine Gender: Every School-boy knows more than our *Imitator*.

Hunc

(2)
Hunc si perconteris, avi cur atque parentis
Praeclaram ingrata stringat malis ingluvie rem,
Omnia conductis coemens obsonia nummis:

“Sordidus, atque animi quod parvi nolit haberi,”
Respondet. laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

Fufidius vappae famam timet ac nebulonis,
Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis.
Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat: atque
Quanto perditior quisque est, tanto acrius urguet.
Nomina sectatur, modo sumpta veste virili
Sub patribus duris, tironum. Maxime, quis non,
Iuppiter, exclamat, simul atque audit? “At in se
“Pro quaestu sumtum facit hic”. Vix credere possis
Quam sibi non sit amicus: ita ut Pater ille, Terenti
Fabula quem miserum gnato vixisse fugato
Inducit, non se pejus cruciaverit atque hic.

Si quis nunc quaerat, Quo res haec pertinet? Illuc:
Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

Mal-



SOBER ADVICE

From *HORACE*.

Imitated from his

SECOND SERMON.



HE Tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothe-
caries,

Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord *Fanny's*, Lady
Mary's,

And all the Court in Tears, and half the Town,
Lament dear charming *O-f-ld*, dead and gone!
Engaging *O-f-ld*! who, with Grace and Ease,
Could joyn the Arts, to ruin, and to please.

Not so, who of Ten Thousand gull'd her Knight,
Then ask'd Ten Thousand for a second Night:
The Gallant too, to whom she pay'd it down,
Liv'd to refuse that Mistress half a Crown.

Con:

Con. Ph-l-ps cries, "A sneaking Dog I hate."
 That's all three Lovers have for their Estate!
 "Treat on, treat on," is her eternal Note,
 And Lands and Tenements go down her Throat.
 Some damn the Jade, and some the Cullies blame,
 But not Sir *H——t*, for he does the same.

With all a Woman's Virtues but the P--x,
Fufidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks:
 For Int'rest, ten *per Cent.* her constant Rate is;
 Her Body? hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis*.
 She turns her very Sister to a Job,
 And, in the Happy Minute, picks your Fob:
 Yet starves herself, so little her own Friend,
 And thirsts and hungers only at one End:
 A Self-Tormentor, worse than (in the * Play)
 The Wretch, whose Av'rice drove his *Son* away.

But why all this? Beloved, 'tis my Theme:
 "Women and Fools are always in Extreme."
Rufa's at either end a Common-Shoar,
 Sweet *Moll* and *Jack* are Civet-Cat and Boar:

* See My Terence, *Heautontimorumenos*: There is nothing in Dr. Hare's. BENT.

*Malchinus tunicis demissis ambulat: est qui
 Inguen ad obsecaenum subductis usque facetus:
 Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gargonius hircum.
 Nil medium est: sunt qui nolint tetigisse, nisi illas,
 Quarum subsuta talos tegat instita veste:
 Contra alius nullam, nisi olente in fornice stantem.*

*Quidam notus homo cum exiret fornice; "Maeste
 "Virtute esto, inquit sententia dia Catonis,
 "Nam simul ac venas inflavit tetra libido,
 "Huc juvenes aequum est descendere, non alienas
 "Permolere uxores.*

*—Nolim laudari, inquit,
 Sic me, mirator CUNNI CUPIENNIUS ALBI **

*Audire est operae pretium, procedere recte
 Qui moechos non voltis, ut omni parte laborent;*

* CUNNI CUPIENNIUS ALBI, Hoary Shaven. Here the Imitator grievously errs, *Cunnius albus* by no means signifying a white or grey Thing, but a Thing under a white or grey Garment, which thing may be either black, brown, red, or parti-colored. BASTI

Nothing in Nature is so lewd as *Peg*,
 Yet, for the World, she would not shew her Leg!
 While bashful *Jenny*, ev'n at Morning-Prayer,
 * Spreads her Fore-Buttocks to the Navel bare,
 But diff'rent Taste in diff'rent Men prevails,
 And one is fired by Heads, and one by Tails;
 Some feel no Flames but at the *Court* or *Ball*,
 And others hunt white Aprons in the *Mall*.

My Lord of *Lo—n*, chancing to remark
 A *voted Dean* much busy'd in the Park,
 " Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my Reverend Brother,
 " 'Tis *Fornicatio simplex*, and no other:
 " Better than lust for Boys, with *Pope* and *Turk*,
 " Or others Spouses, like † my Lord of ———
 May no such Praise (cries *J—s*) e'er be mine!
J—s, who bows at *Hi—sb—w's* hoary Shrine.

All you, who think the *City* ne'er can thrive,
 Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive; ———

Attend,
 * A Verse taken from Mr. Pope. † Others read Lord-Mayor.

Utque illis multo corrupta dolore voluptas,
 Atque haec rara, cadat dura inter saepe pericla.
 Hic se praecipitem tecto dedit: ille flagellis
 Ad mortem caesus: fugiens hic decidet acrem *
 Praedonum in turbam: dedit hic pro corpore mun-
 mos:
 Hunc perminxerunt calones; quin etiam illud
 Accidit, ut * cuidam TESTIS, CAUDAMQUE SALACEM
 Demeterent ferro. jure omnes. Galba negabat.

Tutior at quanto merx est in classe secunda! A
 Libertinarum dico: Sallustius (in qua)
 Non minus insanit, quam qui moechatur. at hic st,
 Qua res, qua ratio suaderet, quaque modeste
 Munifico esse licet, vellet bonus atque benignus
 Esse; daret quantum satis esset, nec sibi damno
 Dedecorique foret. verum hoc se amplectitur uno,

*—TESTIS CAUDAMQUE SALACEM Demeterent ferro (for so I say, and not Demeteret ferrum) Bleeds in Person. Silly! was he let Blood by a Surgeon? how short is this of the Amputation of the Testes and Cauda salax? What Ignorance also of Ancient Learning appears in his shallow Translation of Perminxerunt, totally missing the Mark, and not entering into the deep Meaning of the Author.

Attend, while I their Miseries explain,
 And pity Men of Pleasure still in Pain!
 Survey the Pangs they bear, the Risques they run,
 Where the most lucky are but last undone,
 See wretched *Monfieur* flies to save his Throat,
 And quits his Mistress, Money, Ring, and Note!
 K— of his Footman's borrow'd Livery stript,
 By worthier Footmen pift upon and whipt!
 Plunder'd by Thieves, or Lawyers which is worse,
 One bleeds in Person, and one bleeds in Purse;
 This meets a Blanket, and that meets a Cudgel—
 And all applaud the Justice — All, but * B—/—

How much more safe, dear Countrymen! his State,
 Who trades in Frigates of the second Rate?
 And yet some Care of S—/— should be had,
 Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad;
 His Wit confirms him but a Slave the more,
 And makes a Princess whom he found a Whore.
 The Youth might save much Trouble and Expence,
 Were he a Dupe of only common Sense.

* A Gentleman is celebrated for his Gallantries as his Politicks; an Entertaining
 History of which may be published, without the least Scandal on the Ladies. E. CURL.

Hoc amat & laudat: Matronam nullam ego rango.

*Ut quondam Marsaeus amator Originis, ille
Qui patrum mimae donat fundumque laremque,
Nil fuerit mi, inquit, cum uxoribus umquam alienis.
Verum est cum mimis, est cum meretricibus: unde
Fama malum gravius, quam res, trahit: an tibi
abunde*

*Personam satis est, non illud, quicquid ubique
Officit, evitare? bonam deperdere famam, [inter
Rem patris oblimare, malum est ubicumque. quid
Est in matrona, ancilla, peccesne togata?*

*Villius in Fausta Sullae gener, hoc miser uno
Nomine deceptus, poenas dedit usque, superque
Quam satis est; pugnis caesus, ferroque petitus,
Exclusus fore, cum Longarenus foret intus.*

*Huic si, mutonis verbis, mala tanta videnti
Diceret haec animus: Quid vis tibi? numquid
ego a te*

Mag-

But here's his point; **A Wench** (he cries) for me!

" I never touch a **Dame of Quality**,

To *P--l--r's* Bed no **Actress** comes amiss,

He courts the whole *Personæ Dramatis*:

He too can say, " With **Wives** I never sin."

But **Singing-Girls** and **Mimicks** draw him in.

Sure, worthy **Sir**, the **Diff'rence** is not great,

With *whom* you lose your **Credit** and **Estate**?

This, or that **Person**, what avails to shun?

What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done:

The **Ease**, **Support**, and **Lustre** of your **Life**,

Destroy'd alike with **Strumpet**, **Maid**, or **Wife**.

What push'd poor *E--s* on th' **Imperial Whore**?

'Twas but to be where **CHARLES** had been before.

The fatal **Steel** unjustly was apply'd,

When not his **Lust** offended, but his **Pride**:

Too hard a **Penance** for defeated **Sin**,

Himself shut out, and *Jacob Hall* let in.

Suppose that honest **Part** that rules us all,

Should rise, and say — "**Sir Robert!** or **Sir Paul!**"

" Did

*Magno prognatum deposito consule * CUNNUM,
Velatumque stola, Quæ cum conferbat ira?
Quid responderet? Magno patre nata puella est.*

*At quanto meliora monet, pugnantiæque istis
Dives opis natura suæ! ut si modo recte
Dispensare velis, ac non fugienda petendis
Inmiscere.
— Tuo vitio, rerumne labores,
Nil referre putas? quare, ne poeniteat te,
Desine matronas sectarier: unde laboris
Plus haurire mali est, quam ex re decerpere fructus.*

* Magno, prognatum deposito consule Cunnum.
A Thing descended from the Conqueror.
A Thing descended — why Thing? the Poet has it Cunnum, which, therefore,
boldly place here. BENT.

“ Did I demand, in my most vigorous hour,
 “ A Thing descended from the Conqueror?
 “ Or when my pulse beat highest, ask for any
 “ Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord *Fanny*? —
 What would you answer? Could you have the Face,
 When the poor Suff’rer humbly mourn’d his Case,
 To cry, “ You weep the Favours of her † GRACE?
 Hath not indulgent Nature spread a Feast,
 ‡ And giv’n enough for Man, enough for Beast?
 But Man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,
 In search of Vanities from Nature strays:
 Yea, tho’ the Blessing’s more than he can use,
 Shuns the permitted, the forbid pursues!
 Weigh well the Cause from whence these Evils spring,
 ’Tis in thyself, and not in God’s good Thing:
 Then, lest Repentance punish such a Life,
 Never, ah, never! kiss thy Neighbour’s Wife.

† Spoken not of one particular Dutcheffs, but of divers Dutcheffes.

‡ The original Manuscript has it,

— Spread a Feast

Of — enough for Man, enough for Beast

but we prefer the present, as the purer Diction.

*Nec magis haic, inter niveos viridisque lapillos
Sit licet, o Cerinthe, tuo tenerum est femur, aut*

crus

Rectius: atque etiam melius persaepe togatae est

Adde huc, quod mercem sine fucis gestat: aperte

Quod venale habet, ostendit: neque si quid honesti

est

Faciat habetque palam, quaerit quo turpia celet.

Regibus hic mos est, ubi equos mercantur: opertos

Inspiciunt: ne si facies, ut saepe, decora

Molli fulta pede est: emitorem ducat hiantem,

Quod pulchrae clunes, breve quod caput, ardua cer-

vix.

Hoc illi recte. Tu corporis optima Lyncei

Contemplare oculis: Hypsaea caecior, illa

Quae mala sunt, spectas. O crus, o brachia! verum

Depugis, nasuta, brevi latere, ac pede longo est.

Matronae, praeter faciem, nil cernere possis:

Caetera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.

Si

First, Silks and Diamonds veil no finer Shape,
 Or plumper Thigh, than lurk in humble Crape;
 And *secondly*, how innocent a Belle
 Is she who shows what Ware she has to sell;
 Not Lady-like, displays a milk-white Breast,
 And hides in sacred Sluttishness the rest.

Our ancient Kings (and sure those Kings were wise,
 Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own Eyes)
 A War-horse never for the Service chose,
 But ey'd him round, and stript off all the Cloaths;
 For well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide
 A heavy Chest, thick Neck, or heaving Side.
 But Fools are ready Chaps, agog to buy,
 Let but a comely Fore-hand strike the Eye:
 No Eagle sharper, every Charm to find,
 To all defects, Ty—y not so blind:
 Goose-rump'd, Hawk-nos'd, Swan-footed, is my Dear?
 They'l praise her Elbow, Heel, or Tip o'th' Ear.

A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd;
 (For none but Lady M--- show'd the Rest)

But

*Si interdicta petes, vallo circumdata, (nam te
 Hoc facit insanium) multae tibi tum officinae res;
 Custodes, lectica, cinifiones, parasitae,
 Ad talos stola demissa, & circumdata palla:
 Plurima, quae invideant pure adparere tibi rem.
 Altera nil obstat: Cois tibi pene videre est
 Ut nudam; ne crure malo, ne sit pede turpi:
 Metiri possis oculo latus. an tibi mavis
 Insidias fieri, pretiumque avellier, ante
 Quam mercem ostendi?
 —LEPOREM venator ut alta
 In nive sectetur, positum sic tangere nolit:
 Cantat, & adponit, MEUS est amor huic similis: nam
 Transvolat in medio posita, & fugientia captat.
 Hiscine versiculis speras tibi posse dolores,
 Atque aestus, curasque gravis e pectore tolli?
 Nonne, cupidinibus statuat natura modum quem,
 Quid latura, sibi quid sit dolitura negatum,
 Quaerere plus prodest; & inane abscindere soldo?*

Num,

But if to Charms more latent you pretend,
 What Lines encompass, and what Works defend!
 Dangers on Dangers! obstacles by dozens! [Cozens!
 Spies, Guardians, Guests, old Women, Aunts, and
 Could you directly to her Person go,
 Stays will obstruct above, and Hoops below,
 And if the Dame says yes, the Dress says no.
 Not thus at *N--db--m's*; your judicious Eye
 May measure there the Breast, the Hip, the Thigh!
 And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law,
 All for a Thing you ne're so much as *saw*?
 "The Hare once seiz'd, the Hunter heeds no more
 "The little Scut he so pursu'd before,
 "Love follows flying Game (as *Sucklyn* sings).
 "And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has Wings."
 Why let him Sing—but when you're in the Wrong,
 Think you to cure the Mischief with a Song?
 Has Nature set no bounds to wild Desire?
 No Sense to guide, no Reason to enquire,
 What solid Happiness, what empty Pride?
 And what is best indulg'd, or best deny'd?

E

If

*Num, tibi cum faucis urit sitis, aurea quaeris
 Pocula? num esuriens fastidis omnia praeter
 * Pavonem, rhombumque tument. Tibi cum in
 guina, num si
 Ancilla aut verna est praesto puer, impetus in quem
 Continuo fiat, malis tentigine rumpi
 Non ego: namque parabilem amo venerem, faci-
 lemque.
 ILLAM, Post paullo, Sed pluris, Si exierit vir,
 Gallis: Hanc, Philodemus ait sibi, quae neque
 magno
 Stet pretio; nec cunctetur, cum est iussa venire.
 Candida rectaque sit; munda haecenus, ut neque
 longa,
 Nec magis alba velit, quam det natura, videri.
 Haec, ubi supposituit dextro corpus mihi laevum,
 Illa & Egeria est: do nomen quodlibet illi.*

* PAVONEM, Pea-Chicks] Not ill-render'd, meaning a young or soft Piece, Anglice
 a Tid-bit: such as that Delicate Youth Cerinthus, whose Flesh, our Horace expressly
 says, was as tender as a Lady's, and our Imitator turn'd
 Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord F—
 not amiss truly; it agrees with Myrtun Reading of two femora, instead of tuum femur,
 and savours of the true Taste of Antiquity. BENT.

If neither Gems adorn, nor Silver tip
 The flowing Bowl, will you not wet your Lip?
 When sharp with Hunger, scorn you to be fed,
 Except on *Pea-Chicks*, at the *Bedford-head*?
 Or, when a tight, neat Girl, will serve the Turn,
 In errant Pride continue stiff, and burn?
 I'm a plain Man, whose Maxim is profest,
 "The Thing at hand is of all Things the *best*."
 But Her who will, and then will not comply,
 Whose Word is *If*, *Perhaps*, and *By-and-by*,
 Z—ds! let some Eunuch or Platonic take —
 So B—t cries, Philosopher and Rake!
 Who asks no more (right reasonable Peer)
 Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear.
 Give me a willing Nymph! 'tis all I care,
 Extremely clean, and tolerably fair.
 Her Shape her own, whatever Shape she have,
 And just that White and Red which Nature gave.
 Her I transported touch, transported view,
 And call her *Angel*! *Goddeſs*! M—ue!

No

*Nec vereor, ne, dum futuo, vir rure recurrat; H
 Janua sfangatur; datret clamis; undique magna
 Pulsa domus strepitu resonet: ne pallida lecto
 Desiliat mulier, miseram se conscia clamet;
 Cruribus haec metuat, doti haec deprensa, egomet
 mi.*

*Discincta tunica fugienda est, ac pede nudo;
 Ne nummi pereant, Tunc puga, aut denique fama:
 Deprendi miserum est: Fabib, vel iudice vincam.*



No furious Husband thunders at the Door ;
 No barking Dog, no Household in a Roar ;
 From gleaming Swords no shrieking Women run ;
 No wretched Wife cries out, *Undone ! Undone !*
 Seiz'd in the Fact, and in her Cuckold's Pow'r,
 She kneels, she weeps, and worse ! resigns her Dow'r.
 Me, naked me, to Posts, to Pumps they draw,
 To Shame eternal, or eternal Law.
 Oh Love ! be deep Tranquility my Luck ! *
 No Mistress *H-ysh-m* near, no Lady *B-ck !*
 For, to be taken, is the Dev'll in Hell ;
 This Truth, let *L---l*, *J---ys*, *O---w* tell.

* Here the Imitator errs. The Latin has *it dum futuo*, a most necessary Circum-
 stance ! which ought to be restored ; and may, by the change of a single Word, be
 the same with that of the Author, and one which wou'd marvelously agree with the
 Ladies in the second Line. BENT.

F I N I S.

No furious Husband thunders at the Door;
No barking Dog, no Household in a Roar;
From gleaming Swords no striking Women run;
No wretched Wife cries out, Undone! Undone!
Seiz'd in the Fact, and in her Cuckold's Pow'r,
She kneels, she weeps, and woe! resigns her Dow'r,
Me, naked me, to Posts, to Pumps they draw,
To Shame eternal, or eternal Law.
Oh Iovel be deep Tranquillity my Luck!
No Mistress A-ye-w near, no Lady B-ck!
For, to be taken, is the Devil in Hell;
This Truth, let A-ye-O-ye tell.

Thus the last line of the poem is a very fine example of the use of the word "ye" in the sense of "you" or "thou". The word "ye" is used in the sense of "you" or "thou" in the last line of the poem, and it is a very fine example of the use of the word "ye" in the sense of "you" or "thou".